

The Prologue

TO please you with this Play we fear will be
 (So does the Author too) a mystery
 Somewhat above our Art; For all mens eyes,
 Ears, faiths, and judgements, are not of one size.
 For to say truth, and not to flatter ye,
 This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
 Nor History, nor any thing that may
 (Yet in a week) be made a perfect Play:
 Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
 Twelve-pence goes farther this way than in drink,
 Or Damsels, if they mark the matter through,
 May stumble on a foolish toy, or two
 Will make 'em shew their teeth: pray, for my sake
 (That likely am your first man) do not take
 A distaste before ye feel it: for ye may
 When this is hiss'd to ashes, have a Play.

And here, to out-hisse this; be patient then,
 (My honour done) I are welcome Gentlemen.

The Epilogue

IF you mislike (as you shall ever be
 Your own free Judges) this Play utterly,
 For your own Noblesse, yet do not hiss;
 But as you go by, say it was amisse;
 And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
 Never in cold blood: O' my honesty
 (If I have any) this I'll say for all,
 Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

K k

The Epilogue


Gallants! the Merchant waits his richest prize:
 A merrit the calme, and sun-shine of your eyes:
 That hath retriev'd his losse, and doth command
 his weather-beaten bottoms safe to Land;
 the hopes of your content hath brought him backe
 the dull and sad misfortune of his wracke.
 the storm was his severer, his Scylla's wiles;
 and all because supported by your smiles!
 and if our shores, offence, have giv'n, then see,
 their busines was design'd Rusticity.

however to excuse, they know not how,
 only by me, they scrag a leg, and bow.
 Our Beggars have their chiefest part to do
 as yet; and that's to begg your pardon too,
 which if they purchase, then they say I will
 the Rends, and ratten of their common wracke.
 Let the world slide, they value not a hind,
 There is noe liberty like Beggars.

BEGGARS BUSH.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, and Herman.

Mer.  He then taken?
Her. And brought back even now fir.
Mer. He was not in disgrace?
Her. No man more lov'd, (man
 Nor more deserv'd it, being the onely
 That durst be honest in this Court.

Mer. Indeed
 We have heard abroad fir, that the State hath suffered
 A great change since the Countesse death.

Her. It hath fir.

Mer. My five yeares absence hath kept me a stranger
 So much to all the occurrents of my Country,
 As you shall bind me for some short relation
 To make me understand the present times.

Her. I must begin then with a war was made,
 And seven yeares with all cruelty continued
 Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
 The cause grew thus: During our Earles minority,
Woolfort (who now usurps) was employed thither
 To treat about a match between our Earl (treaty
 And the Daughter and heir of *Brabant*: during which
 The *Brabander* pretends, this daughter was
 Stolne from his Court, by practice of our State,
 Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought quarrel
 To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldome,
 It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*
 Had no such losse. This war upon't proclaim'd,
 Our Earl being then a child, although his Father
 Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was
 Chosen by the Countesse favour, for her Husband,
 And but a Gentleman, and *Floriz* holding
 His right unto this Country from his mother,
 The State thought fit in this defensive war,
Woolfort being then the only man of mark,
 To make him General.

Mer. Which place we have heard
 He did discharge with honour.

Her. I, so long,
 And with so blest successes, that the *Brabander*
 Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice
 Of his best men of Armes ty'd, or cut off)
 To leave the field, and found a safe retreat
 Back to his Countrey: but so broken both
 In mind and meanes, e're to make head again,
 That hitherto he sits down by his losse,
 Not daring, or for honour or revenge,
 Again to tempt his fortune. But this Victory
 More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
 In *Flanders*, than the greatest overthrow
 She ever receiv'd: For *Woolfort*, now beholding
 Himself, and actions, in the flattering glasse
 Of self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
 The strong assurance of his power, for then
 All Captaines of the Army were his creatures,
 The common souldier too at his devotion,
 Made so by full indulgence to their rapines
 And secret bounties, this strength too well known,
 And what it could effect, soon put in practice,

As furthered by the child-hood of the Earl,
 And their improvidence, that might have pierc'd
 The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
 To seize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much
 As a choyce favour from you.

Her. Onely I must adde
Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whether fir, I am going,
 For there last night I had a ship put in,
 And my horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good journey.

Enter Woolfort, Hubert.

Wool. What? *Hubert*, stealing from me? who disarm'd him?
 It was more then I commanded; take your sword,
 I am best guarded with it in your hand,
 I have seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
 On mine own bosome, ere it shall be drawn
 Unworthily or rudely.

Wool. Would you leave me
 Without a farewell *Hubert*? fly a friend
 Unwearied in his study to advance you?
 What have I ever possess'd which was not yours?
 Or either did not court you to command it?
 Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
 Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
 Were by your fair reports of him prefer'd?
 And what is more, I made my self your servant,
 In making you the master of those secrets
 Which not the wrack of conscience could draw from me,
 Nor I, when I askt mercy, trust my prayers with;
 Yet after these assurances of love,
 These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me,
 Forsake me as an enemy? come you must
 Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will,
 If I may do't in private; and you hear it.

Wool. All leave the room: you have your will, set down
 And use the liberty of our first friendship. (vanish)

Hub. Friendship? when you prov'd Traitor first, that
 Nor do I owe you any thought, but hate,
 I know my flight hath forfeited my head,
 And so I may make you first understand
 What a strange monster you have made your self,
 I welcome it.

Wool. To me this is strange language.

Hub. To you, why what are you?

Wool. Your Prince and master,
 The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper title,
 Rais'd to it by cunning circumvention, force,
 Bloud, and proscriptions.

Wool. And in all this wisdom;
 Had I not reason? when by *Gerrards* plots
 I should have first been call'd to a strict account
 How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
 Of money, as they term it, in the war,

Who underhand, had by his Ministers
Detraded my great action, made my faith
And loyalty so suspected: in which failing
He sought my life by practice.

Hub. With what fore-head
Do you speak this to me? who (as I know't)
Must, and will say 'tis false.

Wool. My guard there.

Hub. Sir, you bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear
Which I now say you shall, not a sound more,
For I that am contemner of my own,
Am Master of your life; then here's a sword
Between you, and all aydes Sir, though you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you passe not
These grosse untruths on me.

Wool. How? grosse untruths:

Hub. I, and it is favourable language,
They had been in a mean man lyes and foul ones.

Wool. You take strange licence.

Hub. Yes, were not those rumours
Of being called unto your answers, spread
By your own followers; and weak Gerrard wrought
(But by your cunning practise) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after, which your quaint train taking
You fled unto the Camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had escap'd the fury of the warre,
You might not fall by treason, and for proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger;
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oathes they had been hir'd
By Gerrard to your murder. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th'iraged souldier
Seeing no further than the outward man,
Snatch'd hastily his Armes, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were servants, or thought friends to Gerrard,
Vowing the like to him.

Wool. Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his sonne, the Earle,
Forsook the City, and by secret wayes
As you give it out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their fury: though 'tis more then fear'd
They fell among the rest; Nor stand you there
To let us only mourne, the impious meanes
By which you got it, but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ill,
As it compar'd, they would only appear
Plagues of mischief: do not stop your eares,
More are behind yet.

Wool. O repeat them not.

Hub. 'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.
Hub. You should have thought
That hell would be your punishment when you did them;
A Prince, in nothing but your Princely lusts,
And boundlesse rapines.
Wool. No more I beseech you.
Hub. Who was the Lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?
Wool. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant
Than e're I was to any.

Hub. I end thus.

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The general grief, now to my private wrong;
The losse of Gerrard's Daughter, Jacqueline;
He hop'd for partner of my lawfull bed,

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Your cruelty hath frighted from mine armes;
And her, I now was wandring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That ev'n my stay here with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irksome? here surely take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may dye by you, and not your hang-man.

Wool. Oh Hubert! these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As these teares from mine eyes;
Despise them not

By all that's sacred, I am serious Hubert,
You now have made me sensible, what furies,
Whips, hangmen and tormentors, a bad man
Do's ever bear about him: let the good
That you this day have done, be ever number'd
The first of your best actions:

Can you think

Where Floriz is, or Gerrard, or your love,
Or any else; or all that are proscrib'd?

I will resign what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd; the dayes I have to live
Are too too few to make them satisfaction
With any penitence: yet I vow to practise
All of a man.

Hub. O that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!

Wool. By my griefs they do not:
Take the good paines to search them out, 'tis worth it,
You have made clean a Leper: trust me you have,
And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope of good men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My apthesse to believe.

Wool. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow,
Make your own safeties: ask them all the tyes
Humanity can give, Hemskirick too shall
Along with you to this so wished discovery,
And in my name professe all that you promise;
And I will give you this help to't: I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence
That some of them are in or about Bruges
To be found out: which I did then interpret
The cause of that townes standing out against me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

Hub. Be constant to your goodnesse, & you have it. Ex.

Scena Secunda.

Enter 3. Merchants.

1 Mer. 'Tis much that you deliver of this Gofwin.

2 Mer. But short of what I could, yet have the Country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,
And not a man hazard his credit in it:
He beares himself with such a confidence
As if he were the master of the Sea,
And not a wind upon the Sailer's compasse,
But from one part or other, was his factor
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchant e're ventur'd for.

1. 'Tis strange,

2. And yet;

This does in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compared with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire: he's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a bottome, but his bill would passe
Unquestionlesse for her lading.

3 *Mar.* Yet he still
Continues a good man.

1 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury
Or rather malice, with the best that traffique;
but this is nothing, a great stock, and fortune
Crowning his judgement in his undertakings,
May keep him upright that way: but that wealth
Should want the power to make him dote on it;
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant temper; for his outward habit
'Tis suitable to his present course of life:
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rarenesse,
Or the dear price: nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,
I mean a good one: and so loves his state
He will not hazard it at play; nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd Letter,
Although a challenge second the denial
From such as make th'opinion of their valour
Their meanes of feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are wayes to thrive,
And the meanes not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What followes this,
Makes many Venturers with him, in their wishes
For his prosperity: for when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can adde most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed to make them so.
Is there a Virgin of good fame wants dowre?
He is a father to her; or a Souldier
That in his Countreyes service, from the warre
Hath brought him only scars, and want? his house
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care,
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it.
But I should loose my self to speak him further,
And stale in my relation, the much good
You may be witnesse of it, if your remove
From *Bruges* be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report
I do assure you will not hasten it,
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours, only I wish
His too much forwardnesse to embrace all bargains
Suck him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident: here he comes.

Enter Florez and the fourth Merchant.

1 *Flo.* I take it at your own rates: your wine of *Cyprius*,
But for your Candy sugars, they have met
With such foule weather, and are priz'd so high
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another Chapman: make me offer
of something near my price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.

Flo. I both can and will,
But not with too much losse; your bill of lading
Speakes of two hundred chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand gilders. I will have them
At twenty eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mar.* You know, they are so cheap—

Flo. Why look you? I'll deal fairly, ther's in prison
And at your suit, a Pirat, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A merchant of your rank, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
These water-thieves, should be a meanes to save 'em,
It more importing you for your own safety
To be at the charge to scour the sea of them
Than stay the sword of Justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Flo. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this Captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man;
I was lately with him, (having first from others
True testimony been assured, a man
Of more desert never put from the shore)
I read his letters of Mart from this State granted
For the recovery of such losses, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, bisket, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'r-board, then he deserv'd
The Lawes extreamest rigour: But since want
Of what he could not live without, compel'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls death)
I pity his misfortune; and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mar.* Well Sir, for your love, I will once be lead
To change my purpose.

Flo. For your profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make meanes for his discharge,
Till when I leave you.

2 *Mar.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided
By a strong judgement.

2 *Mer.* Save you Master *Goswin*.

Flo. Good day to all.

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more Commodities.

Flo. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.

Flo. What's the freight?

1 *Mer.* *Indico*, *Quitchineel*, choise *Chyna* stuffs.

3 *Mer.* And cloth of Gold brought from *Camball*.

Flo. Rich lading,

For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day
For the moiety of all.

Flo. How long?

Mer. Six months.

Flo. 'Tis a fair offer : which (if we agree About the prizes) I, with thanks accept of, And will make present payment of the rest ; Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

Mer. The Gunner shall speak you welcome.

Flo. I'll not fail.

Mer. Good morrow.

Exit Merch.

Flo. Heaven grant my ships a safe return, before The day of this great payment, as they are Expected three months sooner ; and my credit stands good with all the world.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessè my good master, The prayers of your poor Bead-man ever shall Be sent up for you.

Flo. God's mercy Clause, There's something to put you in mind hereafter To think of me.

Ger. May he that gave it you Reward you for it, with encrease, good master.

Flo. I thrive the better for thy prayers.

Ger. I hope so.

This three yeares have I fed upon your bounties, And by the fire of your blest charity warm'd me, And yet, good master, pardon me, that must, Though I have now receiv'd your almes, presume To make one suit more to you.

Flo. What is't Clause?

Ger. Yet do not think me impudent I beseech you, Since hitherto your charity hath prevented My begging your relief, 'tis not for money, Nor cloaths (good master) but your good word for me.

Flo. That thou shalt have Clause, for I think thee honest

Ger. To morrow then (dear master) take the trouble Of walking early unto Beggars bush,

And as you see me among others, (brethren In my affliction) when you are demanded Which you like best among us, point out me, And then passe by as if you knew me not.

Flo. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. O much, sir, I will give me the preheminance of the rest, Make me a King among 'em, and protect me From all abuse such as are stronger might Offer my age : Sir, at your better leisure I will inform you further of the good It may do me.

Flo. 'Tis nothing mak'st me wonder ; Have you a King and Commonwealth among you?

Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.

Flo. Ambition among beggars?

Ger. Many great ones

Would part with half their states, to have the place, And credit to beg in the first file, master : But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance In my petition?

Flo. That thou shalt not misse of, Nor any worldly care make me forget it, I will be early there.

Ger. Heaven blessè my master.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clause, Jaculine, Snap, Gynkes, and other beggars.

Come Princes of the ragged regiment, You o' the bloud, Prig my most upright Lord,

And these (what name or title e're they bear) Farkman, or Patrico, Cranke, or Clapperdudgeon, Frater or Abram-man ; I speak to all That stand in fair election for the title Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoyning, Higgen, your Oratour in this Inter-regnum That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you All to stand fair, and put your selves in rank, That the first Commer may at his first view Make a free choice, to say up the question.

Fer. Pr. 'Tis done Lord Higgen.

Hig. Thanks to Prince Prig, Prince Ferret.

Fer. Well, pray my matters all, Ferret be chosen Ye'ar like to have a mercifull mild Prince of me.

Prig. A very tyrant, I, an errant tyrant, If e're I come to reign ; therefore look to't, Except you do provide me hum enough, And Lour to bouze with : I must have my Capons And Turkeyes brought me in, with my green Geese, And Ducklings i'th season : fine fat chickens, Or if you chance where an eye of tame Phefants Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine, Or straight I seize on all your priviledge, Places, revenues, offices as forfeit : Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies, Forc'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms ; not leave you A dirty clout to beg with o' your heads, Or an old rag with Butter Frankincense, Brimstone and rozin, birdlime, bloud and cream To make you an old sore ; nor so much sope As you may some with i'th Falling-sicknesse ; The very bag you bear, and the brown dish Shall be escheated. All your daintiest dells too I will deflowre, and take your dearest Doxyes From your warm sides, and then some one cold night Ple watch you what old barn you go to roost in, And there I'll smother you all i'th musty hay.

Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed : but what would Gynkes Or Clause be here, if either of them should reign?

Ger. Best ask an Ass, if he were made a Camel, What he would be, or a dog, and he were a Lyon.

Gynks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be A Beggar still, I am sure, find my self there.

Enter Florez.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Flo. What aile you Sirs ? what meanes this out-cry?

Hig. Master,

A sort of poor foules met : Gods fools, Good master, Have had some little variance amongst our selves Who should be honestest of us ; and which lives Uprightest in his call : Now, cause we thought We ne're should gree on't our selves, because Indeed 'tis hard to say, we all dissolv'd, to put it (ship, To whom that should come next, and that's your Master- Who, I hope, will termine it as your mind serves you, Right, and no otherwise we ask it : which ? Which does your Worship think is he ? sweet master Look over us all, and tell us ; we are seven of us, Like to the seven wise Masters, or the Planets.

Flo. I should judge this, the man with the grave beard, And if he be not—

Ger. Blessè you, good master, blessè you.

Flo. I would he were : there something too amongst To keep you all honest.

Snap. King of Heaven go with you.

Omn. Now good reward him, May he never want it, to comfort still the poor, in a good Fer. What

Fer. What is't? see: Snap has got it.

Snap. A good crown, marry:

Prig. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new King: good luck:

Ginks. To the common treasury with it, if't be gold, Thither it must.

Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, Ferret-----

King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first; Clause,

After this golden token of a crown;

Wher's Oratour Higgen with his gratuling speech now, In all our names?

Fer. Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all; expect now-----

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause, Our King and Sovereign, Monarch of the Maunders, Thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, first for joy, And then our filches; last, we clap our fables, Three subject signes, we do it without envy: For who is he here did not wish thee chosen? Now thou art chosen? ask 'em: all will say so, Nay swear't: 'tis for the King, but let that passe: When last in conference at the bouzing ken This other day we fate about our dead Prince Of famous memory: (rest go with his rags;) And that I saw thee at the tables end, Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch, Lift the other like a Scepter at my head, I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be King, And now thou art so: but what need presage, To us, that might have read it in thy beard, As well as he that chose thee? by that beard Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Sovereignty. Ohappy beard! but happier Prince, whose beard Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince, Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow, And thick, and fair, that who lives under it, May live as safe as under Beggars Bush, Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

Om. Excellent, excellent Oratour, forward good Higgen, Give him leave to spit: the fine, well-spoken Higgen.

Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard, Under whose gold and silver raign, 'twas said So many ages since, we all should smile

On impositions, taxes, grievances, Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject, ~~do not~~

Lye lurking in this beard, but all hem'd out:

If now the beard be such, what is the Prince

That owes the beard? a Father; no, a Grandfather;

Nay, the great Grand-father of you his people.

He will not force away your hens, your bacon,

When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you

The fattest of your puddings: under him

Each man shall eat his own stolne eggs, and butter,

In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy

His own dear Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at night

In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet,

That he hath filch'd that day; I, and possesse

What he can purchase, back or belly cheats

To his own prop: he will have no purveyers

For pigs and poultry.

Ger. That we must have, my learned Oratour,

It is our will, and every man to keep

In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?

You must hereafter maund on your own pads he saies.

Ger. And what they get there, is their own, besides

To give give good words.

Hig. Do you mark? to cut bene whids, That is the second Law.

Ger. And keep afoot

The humble, and the common phraze of begging, Lest men discover us.

Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,

To move compassion: Sir, there is a table,

That doth command all these things, and enjoyns 'em;

Be perfect in their crutches; their fain'd plaisters,

And their true pal-ports, with the ways to stammer,

And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame,

There, all the halting paces are set down,

I'th learned language.

Ger. Thither I refer them,

Those, you at leisure shall interpret to them,

We love no heapes of lawes, where few will serve.

Om. O gracious Prince, 'save, 'save the good K. Clause.

Hig. A song to crown him.

Fer. Set a Centinel out first.

Sn. The word?

Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis to it. — Strike.

The SONG.

Cast our Caps and cares away: this is beggars holy-day,
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever dance & sing.
In the world look out and see, where so happy a Prince as be?
Where the Nation live so free, and so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest; To the field we are not prest;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Offices we cry, and the Magistrate too, by:
When the subsidie's encreast, we are not a penny ceast.
Nor will any go to law, with the beggar for a straw.
All which happinesse he brags, he doth owe unto his rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hemskirk,

Snap. A Cove: Fumbumbis.

Prig. To your postures; arm:

Hub. Yonders the Town, I see it.

Hem. Ther's our danger

Indeed afore us, if our shadowes save not.

Hig. Blesse your good Worships:

Pr. One small piece of money.

Paig. Amongst us all poor wretches;

Ger. Blind and lame.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all.

Hig. Pittifull worships;

Snap. One little doyt.

Enter Jaculine.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?

Ger. To buy a little bread,

Hig. To feed so many

Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

Prig. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good Master, O rememb'r seven, Seven blessings.

Fer. Remember, gentle Worship.

Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins,

Prig. And seven sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing—

Alas, we had not a charity this three dayes.

Hub. Ther's amongst you all.

Fer. Heaven reward you.

Prig. Lord reward you.

Hig. The Prince of pittie blesse thee.

Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?

Ha?

Ha? 'tis her face: come hither Maid.

Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun meat;
You do not love me, do you? catch me a butter fly,
And I'll love you again; when? can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding: I shall have a fine thing.

Hub. Her voyce too sayes the same; but for my head,
I would not that her mauners were so chang'd,
Hear me thou honest fellow; what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Ginky. Ao, ao, ao, ao,

Hub. How? nothing but signes?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. 'Tis strange,

I would fain have it her, but not her thus. (dumb Sir.

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-du-du-

Hub. Slid they did all speak plain ev'n now me thought,
Do'st thou know this small maid? (fool

Sir. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn younder

By-be-be-be-Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush,

Her name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: so was her Mo-
mo-mo-Mothers too-too.

Hub. I understand no word she sayes; how long
Has she been here? (go-go-go-good luck,

Sir. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled: and she ha'

Hub. I must be better informed, than by this way.

Here was another face too, that I mark'd,

O the old mans: but they are vanish'd all

Most suddenly: I will come here again,

O, that I were so happy as to find it,

What I yet hope? it is put on.

Hem. What mean you Sir,

To stay there with that flammerer?

Hub. Farewell friend, —

It will be worth return, to search: come,

Protect us our disguise now, prethee *Hemskirk*,

If we be taken, how do'st thou imagine

This Town will use us, that hath stood so long

Out against *Woolfort*?

Hem. Ev'n to hang us forth

Upon their walls a sunning, to make Crowes meat,

If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,

And had a pretty scuy, to see a niece there,

I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late

To look back at the ports: good luck, and enter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Florez*.

Flo. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other parts,
Do all my Agents sleep? that nothing comes?

There's a conspiracy of winds and servants;

If not of Elements, to ha'me break:

What should I think, unlesse the seas and sands

Had swallow'd up my ship? or fire had spoil'd

My ware-houses? or death devour'd my Factor?

I must ha' had some returns.

Enter *Merchants*.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you Sir.

Flo. 'Save you.

1 *Mer.* No newes yet o' your ships?

Flo. Not any yet sir.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

Flo. 'Tis true sir: what a voice was here now?

This was one passing bell, a thousand Ravens

Sung in that man now to preface my ruines.

2 *Mer.* *Gofwin*, good da, these winds are very constant.

Flo. They are so fir, to hurt——

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters

Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?

Flo. Neither.

(land,

2 *Mer.* This wind brings them; nor no newes over

Through *Spain*, from the *Straights*?

Flo. Not any.

2 *Mer.* I am sorry fir.

Flo. They talk me down: and as 'tis said of Vultures,

Then scent a field fought, and do smell the carkasses

By many hundred miles: so do these, my wracks

At greater distances: why thy will heaven

Come on, and be: yet if thou please, preserve me;

But in my own adventure, here at home,

Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,

It shall be put in scale against all ill fortunes:

I am not broken yet: nor should I fall,

Methinks, with lesse then that, that ruines all. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Van-dunck*, *Hubert*, *Hemskirk*, and *Margaret*.
Boores.

Van. Captain, you are welcome; so is this your friend

Most safely welcome, though our Town stand out

Against your master, you shall find good quarter:

The troth is, we not love him. *Meg.* some wine,

Let's talk a little treason, If we can

Talk treason 'gainst the *Traitors*; by your leave Gentlemen,

We here in *Bruges* think he does usurp,

And therefore I am bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldnesse

Happily becomes your mouth, but not our eares,

While we are his servants; And as we come here,

Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,

Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,

Ask of your corn-provisions, nor enquire

Into the least, as spies upon your strengths;

So let's entreat, we may receive from you

Nothing in passage or discourse, but what

We may with gladnesse, and our honesties hear,

And that shall seal our welcome.

Van. Good: let's drink then,

Meg. fill out, I keep mine old pearl still Captain.

Mar. I hang fast man.

Hem. Old Jewels commend their keeper, fir.

Van. Here's to you with a heart, my Capitaines friend,

With a good heart, and if this make us speak

Bold words anon, 'tis all under the Rose

Forgotten: drown all memory when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken noble *Burgomaster*,

I'll do you right.

Hem. Nay, fir, mine heir *Vandunck*

Is a true Statesman.

(*Woolfort*

Van. Fill my Capitaines cup there, O that your master

Had been an honest man!

Hub. Sir?

Van. Under the Rose.

Hem. Here's to you *Marget*.

Mar. Welcome, welcome Captain,

Van. Well said my pearl still,

And

Hem. And how does my Niece ?
Almost a woman, I think ? This friend of mine
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her : she was my errand.

Van. I, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his glass) —
That in seven yeares, could not find leisure. —

Hem. No,
It's not so much.

Van. I'll bate you nev'r an hour on't.
I was before the *Brabander* 'gan his war,
For moon-shine, i'th water there, his daughter
That never was lost : yet you could not find time
To see a Kinswoman : but she is worth the seeing, Sir.
Now you are come, you ask if she were a woman ?
She is a woman sir ; fetch her forth *Margee* : *Exit Margee*.
And a fine woman, and has suitors.

Hem. How ?
What suitors are they ?

Van. Batchelors : young Burgers :
And one, a gallant, the young Prince of Merchants
We call him here in *Bruges*.

Hem. How ? a Merchant ?
I thought *Van-donck*, you had understood me better,
And my Niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.

Van. Such ? he is such a such, as were she mine,
I'de give him thirty thousand crownes with her.

Hem. But the same things, sir, fit not you and me. *Exit*.

Van. Why, give's some wine then ; this will fit us all :
Here's to you still, my Captains friend : all out :
And still, would *Woolfort* were an honest man,
Under the Rose I speak it : but this Merchant
Is a brave boy : he lives so, i'the town here,
We know not what to think on him : At some times
We fear he will be Bankrupt ; he do's stretch
Tenter his credit to ; embraces all,
And to't, the winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a King, and are half sure o'nt.
Your Master is a Traytor, for all this,
Under the rose : here's to you ; and usurps
The Earldome from a better man.

Hub. I marry, Sir,
Where is that man ?

Van. Nay soft : and I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not : here's my hand,
I love not *Woolfort* : sit you still, with that :
Here comes my Captain again, and his fine Niece,
And ther's my Merchant : view him well, fill wine here.

Enter Hemskirke, Bertha, and Florez.

Hem. You must not only know me for your Uncle
Now, but obey me ; you, go cast your self
Away, upon a dunghill here ? a Merchant ?
A petty fellow ? one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries ?

Flo. What is that you say, sir ?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, sir.

Hem. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize,
Will that suffice you ?

Flo. Merchandize, good sir !
Though ye be Kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt : I ever thought
Your Niece above all price.

Hem. And do so still, sir ;
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are worth.

Flo. You do not know what a Gentleman's worth, sir,

Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said Merchant.

Van. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hem. A Gentleman ?
What, o'the wool-pack ? or the sugar-chest ?
Or lists of Velvet ? which is't ? pound or yard,
You vent your Gentry by ?

Hub. O *Hemskirke*, fie.

Van. Come, do not mind 'em ; drink, he is no *Woolfort* :
Captain, I advise you.

Hem. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by it's look : Come hither,
Turn this way a little : if it were the blood
Of *Charlemain*, as't may (for ought I know)
Besome good Butchers issue, here in *Bruges*.

Flo. How ?

Hem. Nay : I'me not certain of that ; of this I am,
If it once buy and sell, its gentry is gone.

Flo. Ha, ha !

Hem. You are angry, though ye laugh.

Flo. Now 'tis pitty
Of your poor argument. Do not you the Lords
Of land (if you be any) sell the grasse,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese ?

Van. And butter :

Remember butter ; do not leave out butter. (stor'd with)
Flo. The Beefs and Muttons that your grounds are
Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods ?

Hem. No, for those fordid uses, we have Tenants,
Or else our Bayliffs.

Flo. Have not we, sir, Chap-men,
And Factors then, to answer these ? your errours
Fetch'd from the Heraulds *A B C*. and said over
With your Court faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake myself. Do not your Lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your Priests their Prayers ?
What is not bought and sold ? The company
That you had last, what had you for't, y'faith ?

Hem. You now grow sawcy.

Flo. Sure I have been bred
Still, with my honest liberty, and must use it.

Hem. Upon your equals then.

Flo. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hem. Do ye hear ? no more.

Flo. Yes, sir, this little, I pray you,
And't shall be aside, then after, as you please :
You appear the Uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes ; and I have heard your scorns,
With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
As each strive which is greater : but believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young,
Or cast despights on my profession,
For the civility and tameness of it :
A good man beares a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence : wrong is not still successful,
Indeed it is not : I would approach your Kinswoman
With all respect, done to your self and her.

Hem. Away companion : handling her ? take that.

Flo. Nay, I do love no blowes, sir, there's exchange.

Hub. Hold sir.

Mar. O murder.

Ber. Help, my *Goswin*.

Mar. Man.

Van. Let 'em alone ; my life for one.

Flo. Nay come

L 1

If you have will.

Hu. None to offend you; I Sir?

Flo. He that had, thank himself: not hand her? yes Sir,
And claspe her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her through all her race,
Her Father, brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd,
And all their Nephewes, though they stood a wood
Of Pikes, and wall of Cannon: kisse me Gertrude,
Quake not, but kisse me.

Van. Kisse him, girle, I bid you:
My merchant royal, fear no Uncles: hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are we not in bruges?
Under the Rose here?

Flo. In this circle, Love,
Thou art as safe, as in a tower of brasse;
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Van. I, that's good,
Let Woolfort look to that.

Flo. Sir, here she stands,
Your Niece, and my beloved. One of these titles
She must apply to; if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't: Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud, Love, and professe it.

Van. Doe: and I drink to it.

Flo. Prethee say so, Love.

Van. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes:
Do not you play the Tyrant, sweet: they speak it.

Hu. I thank you Niece.

Flo. Sir, thank her for your life,
And fetch your sword within.

Hu. You insult too much
With your good fortune, Sir.

Exit Florez.

Hu. A brave clear spirit;
Hemskirk, you were too blame: a civil habit
Oft covers a good man: and you may meet
In person of a Merchant, with a soul
As resolute, and free, and alwayes worthy,
As else in any file of man-kind: pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?

Hu. 'Tis done now,
Ask no more of it, I must suffer.

Exit Hemskirk.

Hu. This,
Is still the punishment of rashnesse, sorrow;
Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my enquiries further.

Van. Ha?

A looking-glasse?

Hu. How now, brave Burgomaster?

Van. I love no Woolforts, and my name's Vandoncke.

Hu. Van-drunk it's rather: Come, go sleep within.

Van. Earl Florez is right heir, and this same Woolfort,
Under the Rose I speak it,---

Hu. Very hardly.

Van. Usurpes: and a rank Traitor, as ever breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go,
No man shall hold me, that upholds him;
Do you uphold him?

Hu. No.

Van. Then hold me up.

Exeunt.

Enter Florez and Hemskirke.

Hu. Sir, I presume, you have a sword of your own,
That can so handle anothers.

Flo. Faith you may, Sir.

(of you,

Hu. And ye have made me have so much better thoughts
As I am bound to call you forth,

Flo. For what Sir?

Hu. To the repairing of mine honour, and hurt here.

Flo. Expresse your way.

Hu. By fight, and speedily.

Flo. You have your will: Require you any more?

Hu. That you be secret: and come single.

Flo. I will.

Hu. As you are the Gentleman you would be thought.

Flo. Without the Conjurat[i]on: and I'll bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'll take his length within.

Hu. Your place now, Sir?

Flo. By the sand-hills.

Hu. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.

Flo. There then.

Hu. Good.

Your time?

Flo. 'Twixt seven and eight.

Hu. You'll give me, Sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my Niece,
If you come, like your promise.

Flo. If I do not,
Let no man think to call me unworthy first,
I'll do't my self: and justly wish to want her.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter three or four Boores.

1 B. Come, English beer hostesse, English beer bi'th belly
2 B. Start beer boy, stout and strong beer: so fit
And drink me upsey-Dutch: (down Lads,
Frolick, and fear not.

Enter Higgen, like a Sow-gelder, singing.

Hig. Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, ho?
My horn goes too high, too low, too high too low,
Have ye any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,
Have ye any Lambs in your bolts,
To cut for the Stone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to spade,
Or e're a fair maid
That would be a Nun,
Come kisse me, 'tis done.
Hark how my merry horn doth blow,
Too high, too low, too high, too low.

(apiece:

1 B. O excellent! two pence apiece, boyes, two pence
Give the boyes some drink there. Piper wet your whistle.
Can't tell me a way now, how to cut off my wives Con-
Hig. I'll sing ye a Song for't. (cupiscence?)

The Song.

Take her, and hug her,	If nothing will serve her,
And turn her, & tug her,	Then thus to preserve her,
And turn her again boy, again,	Swinge her amain, boy, amain.
Then if she mumble,	Give her cold jelly,
Or if her tail tumble,	To take up her belly,
Kisse her amain, boy, amain.	And once a day swing her again
Do thy endeavour,	If she stand all these pains,
To take off her feaver, (reign,	Then knock out her brains,
Then her disease no longer will	Her disease no longer will reign

1 B. More

1 Bo. More excellent, more excellent, sweet Sow-gelder.

2 Bo. Three pence a piece, three pence a piece.

Hig. Will you hear a Song how the divel was gelded?

3 Bo. I, I, lets hear the Divel roar, Sow-gelder.

1 Bo. Groats apiece, groats apiece, groats apiece.

There sweet sow-gelder.

Enter Prig and Ferret.

Prig. Will ye see any feats of activity?

Some sleight of hand, leigerdeman? hey passe,

Presto, be gone there.

2 Bo. Sit down Jugler.

Prig. Sirha, play you your art well; draw near piper:

Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;

Plain dealing is no Devil: lend me some money;

Twelve-pence apiece will serve.

1. 2 B. There, there.

Prig. I thank you,

Thank ye heartily; when shall I pay ye?

All B. Ha, ha, ha, by'th masse this was a fine trick.

Prig. A merry sleight toy: but now I'll shew your Wor-
A trick indeed. (ships

Hig. Mark him well now, my masters.

Prig. Here are three balls,

These balls shall be three bullets;

One, two, and three, *ascendibus malentibus*,

Presto, be gone: they are vanish'd: fair play, Gentlemen.

Now these three, like 3 bullets, from your three noses

Will I pluck presently: fear not, no harm boyes;

Titire, tu patule.

1 B. Oh, oh, oh!

Prig. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 B. Ye pull too hard, ye pull too hard.

Prig. Stand fair then:

Silverstram trim-tram.

3 B. Hold, hold, hold.

Prig. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham:

Have ye their moneyes?

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 B. Oh rare Jugler!

2 B. Oh admirable Jugler.

Prig. One trick more yet!

Hey, come aloft: *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*

East, West, North, South, now flye like Jack with a *bumbis*.

Now all your money's gone: pray search your pockets.

1 B. Humh.

2 B. He.

3 B. The Devil a penny's here.

Prig. This was a rare trick:

1 Bo. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prig. I'll do ye that too: look upon me earnestly,

And move not any wayes your eyes from this place;

This button here: pow, whir, whistle, shake your pockets.

1 B. By'th masse 'tis here again boyes.

Prig. Rest ye merry;

My first trick has paid me.

All B. I, take it, take it,

And take some drink too.

Prig. Not a drop now, I thank you;

Away, we are discover'd else.

Enter Gerrard, like a blind Aquavita-man,
and a boy singing the Song.

B Ring out your Cony-skins fair maids, to me,

And hold'em fair, that I may see;

Grey, black, and blew: for your smaller skins,

I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins.

And for your whole Coney, here's ready, ready money.

Come gentle Jone, do thou begin

With thy black, black, black Cony-skin:

And Mary then, and Jane will follow,

With their silver-bair'd skins, and their yellow.

The white Cony-skin I will not lay by,

For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;

The grey it is warm, but yet for my money,

Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney.

Come away fair maids, your skins will decay;

Come, and take money maids, put your ware away.

Cony-skins, cony-skins, have ye any cony-skins?

I have fine brace-lets, and fine silver-pins.

Ger. Buy any brand wine, buy any brand wine?

Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins?

2 B. My fine Canary-bird, there's a cake for thy wor- (ship

1 B. Come fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly: let's see Sir,

What's this?

Ger. A penny Sir.

1 B. Fill till't be six pence,

And there's my pig.

Boy. This is a counter, fir.

1 B. A counter? stay ye? what are these then?

O execrable Jugler! O damn'd Jugler!

Look in your hose, ho: this comes of looking forward.

3 B. Devil a Dunkirk! what a rogue's this Jugler?

This hey passe, repasse, has repast us sweetly.

2 B. Doe ye call these tricks?

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or silver?

2 B. This fellow comes to mock us: gold or silver? cry (copper

1 B. Yes, my good friend,

We have e'ne an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, fir,

You have the lesse to care for: gold and silver. Exit

Enter Prig.

Pr. Have ye any old cloaks to sell? have ye any old cloaks (to sell? Exit

1 B. Cloaks? look about ye boyes: mine's gone.

2 B. A—— juggle 'em.

—— o' their Prestoes: mine's gone too.

3 B. Here's mine yet.

1 B. Come, come, let's drink then: more brand wine.

Boy. Here fir.

1 B. If e're I catch your Sow-gelder, by this hand I'll

Were ever fools so ferk'd? we have two cloaks yet,

And all our caps: the Devil take the flincher.

All B. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter Hemskirke.

Hem. Good do'n my honest fellows,

You are merry here I see.

3 B. 'Tis all we have left fir.

Hem. What hast thou? Aquavita?

Boy. Yes.

Hem. Fill out then,

And give these honest fellows round.

All B. We thank ye.

Hem. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All B. Yes fir.

Hem. I have a businesse for you, honest friends,

If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.

Ger. Ha?

Lead me a little nearer, boy.

1 B. What is't fir?

If it be any thing to purchase money,

Which is our want, command us.

Boors. All, all, all, fir.

Hem. You know the young spruce Merchant in *bruges*?

2 B. Who? Master Goswin?

L12

Hem. Thar

Hem. That: he owes me money,
And here in town there is no stirring of him.

Ger. Say ye so?

Hem. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a mile hence, by the chafe side,
Under the row of Oaks, do you know it?

All B. Yes Sir.

Hem. Give 'em more drink: there if you dare but venture
When I shall give the word to seize upon him,
Her's twenty pound.

3 Boy. Beware the Jugler.

Hem. If he refus, down with him, have no mercy.

1 Boy. I warrant you, wee'l hamper him,

Hem. To discharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.

3 Boy. Her's our warrant,
This carries fire i'th tayle.

Hem. Away with me then,
The time draws on.

I must remove so insolent a suitor,
And if he be so rich, make him pay ranfome
E're he see Bruges towres again: thus wise men
Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,
And piece the Lyons skin with the Foxes case.

Ger. I am glad I have heard this sport yet.

Hem. These's for thy drink, come pay the house within
And lose no time.

Ger. Away with all our haste too.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Florez.

Flo. No wind blow fair yet? no return of moneys?
Letters? nor any thing, to hold my hopes up?
Why then 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably,
My credit I was built on, sinking with me.
Thou boytrous North-wind, blowing my misfortunes,
And frothing all my hopes to cakes of coldnesse,
Yet stay thy fury: give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those failes that bring me safety,
And you suspicious fires, bright twins in heaven
Dance on the shrouds: he blows still stubbornly,
And on his bwyterous rack rides my sad ruine;
There is no help, there can be now no comfort,
To morrow with the Sun-set sets my credit.
Oh misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
In the midst of all our strength thou strik'st us;
My vertuous love is tof's'd too: all what I have been,
No more hereafter to be seen then shadow;
To prison now? well, yet there's hope left me,
I may sink fairly under this dayes venture,
And so to morrow's cross'd, and all those curses:
Yet manly I'll invite my fate, base fortune
Shall never say, she has cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me,
For let me fall before my foe i'the field,
And not at bar, before my creditors;
He's kept his word: now Sir, your swords tongue only
Loud as you dare, all other language—

Enter Hamskirke.

Hem. Well Sir,
You shall not be long troubled: draw.

Flo. 'Tis done Sir,
And now have at ye.

Hem. Now.

Enter Boores.

Flo. Betraid to Villains?
Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely,
And thou base coward.

Enter Gerrard and Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
Conjure 'em soundly boyes.

Boores. Hold, hold.

Ger. Lay on still,

Down with that Gentleman rogue, swinge him to firrup:
Retire Sir, and take breath: follow and take him,
Take all, 'tis lawfull prize.

Boo. We yield.

Ger. Down with 'em

Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge 'em,
Knock me their braines into their breeches.

Exeunt.

Boors. Hold, hold.

Flo. What these men are I know not, nor for what cause
They should thus thrust themselves into my danger,
Can I imagine. But sure heavens hand was int;
Nor why this coward knave should deale so basely
To eat me up with slaves: but heaven, I thank thee,
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour:
Would all my other dangers here had suffered,
With what a joyfull heart should I go home then?
Wher now heaven knows, like him that waits his sentence,
Or heares his passing bell; but ther's my hope still.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessing upon you master.

Flo. Thank ye; leave me,
For by my troth I have nothing now to give thee.

Ger. Indeed I do not ask, fir, only it grieves me
To see you look so sad; now goodnesse keep ye
From troubles in your mind.

Flo. If I were troubled,
What could thy comfort do? prethee *Clause*, leave me.

Ger. Good master be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true love to ye.

Flo. I know thou lov'st me.

Ger. Good Mr. blame that love then, if I prove so sawcy
To ask ye why ye are sad.

Flo. Most true, I am so,
And such a sadnesse I have got will sink me.

Ger. Heaven shield it, fir.

Flo. Faith thou must lose thy master.

Ger. I had rather lose my neck fir: would I knew—

Flo. What would the knowledge do thee good, so mis-
Thou canst not help thy self: when all my wayes (rable
Nor all the friends I have—

Ger. You do not know fir,
What I can do: cures sometimes for mens cares.

Flo. Where they least expect 'em.

Flo. I know thou wouldst do,
But farewell *Clause*, and pray for thy poor master.

Ger. I will not leave ye.

Flo. How?

Ger. I dare not leave ye,
And till ye beat me dead, I must not leave ye.
By what ye hold most pretious, by heavens goodnesse,
As your fair youth may prosper, good Sir tell me:
My mind believes yet something's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.

Flo. I will tell thee,
For a hundred thousand crownes upon my credit,
Taken up of Merchants to supply my traffiques,

The

The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off, yet shewing,
To morrow, *Classe*, to morrow, which must come
In spron, thou shalt find me poor, and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your grief fir.

Flo. Now what say'st thou?

Ger. I say you shall not shrink; for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his power can bring ye off, fir;
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.

Flo. That's all my hope.

Ger. Hope still fir; are you ty'd
Within the compasse of a day, good master,
To pay this masse of money?

Flo. Ev'n to morrow;

But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough the floods, and friends forget me?

Ger. Will no lesse serve?

Flo. What if it would?

Ger. Your patience,

I do not ask to mock ye: 'tis a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and kick at;
But not for honest: have ye no friends left ye?
None that have felt your bounty, worth this duty?

Flo. Duty? thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a duty,
And as a duty from those men that have felt ye,
Should be return'd again: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily almes these seven yeares have ye shew'd me,
Will half supply your want?

Flo. Why do'st thou fool me?

Canst thou work miracles?

Ger. To save my master,

I can work this.

Flo. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

Ger. For doing good?

Flo. What power hast thou?

Ger. Enquire not:

So I can do it, to preserve my master;
Nay if it be three parts.

Flo. O that I had it!

But good *Classe* talk no more, I feel thy charity,
As thou hast felt mine: but alas!

Ger. Distrust not.

'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save ye, rest assur'd; you have forgot Sir,
The good ye did, which was the power you gave me;
Ye shall now know the King of Beggars treasure:
And let the winds blow as they please, the seas roar,
Yet, here to morrow, you shall find your harbour,
Here fail me not, for if I live I'll fit ye.

Flo. How fain would I believe thee!

Ger. If I lye master,
Believe no man hereafter.

Flo. I will try thee,
But he knowes, that knowes all.

Ger. Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So passe in peace, my best, my worthiest master. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hubert like a Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguis'd from *Hemskirk*,
To try these people, for my heart yet tells me

Some of these Beggars are the men I look for,
Appearing like my self, they have no reason
(Though my intent is fair, my main end honest)
But to avoid me narrowly; that face too,
That womans face, how near it is! O may it
But prove the same, and fortune how I'll blesse thee!
Thus, sure they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature,
As I must do: this is the wood they live in,
A place fit for concealment, where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em. *Exit.*

Enter Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Ginks, and the rest of the Boores.

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice:
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend your sentence, that you are rogues,
And mischievous base rascals (there's the point now)
I take it, is confes'd.

Prig. Deny it if you dare Knaves.

Boores. We are Rogues Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter, then rogues as ye are,
And lamb'd ye shall be ere we leave ye.

Boores. Yes fir.

Hig. And to the open handling of our justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper person
Of our good Master? were you drunk when you did it?

Boores. Yes indeed were we.

Prig. You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for want you undertook it?

Boores. Yes fir.

Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.

Prig. And yet for all that

You shall be poor rogues still.

Hig. Has not the Gentleman,

Pray mark this point brother *Prig*, that noble Gentleman,
Reliev'd ye often, found ye meanes to live by,
By employing some at sea, some here, some there,
According to your callings?

Boores. 'Tis most true fir.

Hig. Is not the man an honest man?

Boores. Yes truly.

Hig. A liberal Gentleman? and as ye are true rascals,
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his charge?

Boores. Often, often.

Hig. Ther's the point then,
They have cast themselves, brother *Prig*.

Prig. A shrewd point brother.

Hig. Brother, proceed you now, the cause is open,
I am somewhat weary.

Prig. Can you do these things?

You most abominable stinking Rascals,
You turnip-eating Rogues!

Boores. We are truly sorry.

Prig. Knock at your hard hearts Rogues, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction,
Every man up with his cudgell, and on his neighbour
Bestow such almes, till we shall say sufficient,
For there your sentence lyes, without partiality,
Either of head, or hide, Rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the paines to bear you dead else:
You shall know your doom.

Hig. One, two, three, about it.

Prig. That fellow in the blew has true compunction,
He beats his fellowes bravely, oh, well struck boyes.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blew breech, now playes he the Di-
So get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest.
Call in the Gentleman.

Ger. Do, bring him presently,
His cause I'll hear my self.

Enter Hemskirke.

Hig. Prig. With all due reverence,
We do resign, fir.

Ger. Now huffing fir, what's your name?

Hem. What's that to you, fir?

Ger. It shall be ere we part.

Hem. My name is Hemskirke,
I follow the Earl, which you shall feel.

Ger. No threatening,

For we shall cool you fir: why didst thou basely
Attempt the murder of the Merchant Goswin?

Hem. What power hast thou to ask me?

Ger. I will know it,

Or flea thee till thy pain discover it.

Hem. He did me wrong, base wrong.

Ger. That cannot save ye,
Who sent ye hither? and what further villanies
Have ye in hand?

Hem. Why would'st thou know? what profit,
If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou hast done, and make amends fool,
I'll talk no further to thee; nor these rascals.

Ger. Tye him to that tree.

Hem. I have told you whom I follow.

Ger. The Devil you should do, by your villanies;
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

Hig. I undertake it: turn him to the Sun boyes,
Give me a fine sharp rush; will ye confesse yet? (me.)

Hem. Ye have rob'd me already, now you'll murder

Hig. Murder your nose a little: does your head purge
To it again, 'twill do ye good. (fir?)

Hem. Oh!

I cannot tell you any thing.

Ger. Proceed then.

Hig. Ther's maggots in your nose, I'll fetch 'em out fir.

Hem. O my head breaks.

Hig. The best thing for the Rhewm fir,
That falls into your worships eyes.

Hem. Hold, hold.

Ger. Speak then.

Hem. I know not what.

Hig. It lyes in's brain yet,
In lumps it lyes, I'll fetch it out the finest:
What pretty faces the fool makes? heigh!

Hem. Hold,

Hold, and I'll tell ye all; looke in my doublet,
And there within the lining in a paper,
You shall find all.

Ger. Go fetch that paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good ev'n my honest friends.

Ger. Good ev'n good fellow.

Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forrest ring about him,
Ger leave to live amongst ye? true as steel boyes.
That knowes all chafes, and can watch all howres,
And with my quarter-staffe, though the Divil bid stand,
Deal such an almes, shall make him roar again? (walks,
Prick ye the fearful hare through crosse wayes, sheep
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-sets;
Rouse ye the lofty Stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
Till in his funeral teares he fall before me?
The Polcat, Marterne, and the rich skin'd Lucerne,

I know to chase the Roe, the wind out-stripping
Igrin himself, in all his bloody anger;
I can beat from the bay; and the wild Sounder
Single: and with my arm'd staffe; turn the Boar,
Spight of his fomy tusshes; and thus strike him,
'Till he fall down my feast.

Ger. A goodly fellow.

Hub. What mak'st thou here, ha?

Ger. We accept thy fellowship.

Hub. Hemskirke, thou art not right I fear, I fear thee.

Enter Ferret. a Letter.

Fer. Here is the paper: and as he said, we found it.

Ger. Give me it, I shall make a shift yet, old as I am
To find your knavery: you are sent here, Sirra,
To discover certain Gentlemen; a spy-knave:
And if ye find 'em, If not by perswasion,
To bring 'em back, by poyson to dispatch 'em.

Hub. By poyson, ha?

Ger. Here is another, Hubert?

What is that Hubert, fir?

Hem. You may perceive there.

Ger. I may perceive a villany, and a rank one,
Was he joynd partner of thy knavery?

Hem. No.

He had an honest end, would I have had so,
Which makes him scape such cut-throats.

Ger. So it seemes,

For here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his best and worthiest service, this way
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious.

Ger. I am glad we have found ye,
Is not this true?

Hem. Yes; what are you the better?

Ger. You shall perceive Sir, ere you get your freedome:
Take him aside; and friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company, thou dar'st be true unto us?

Hig. I, and obedient too?

Hub. As you had bred me.

Ger. Then take our hand: thou art now a servant to us,
Welcome him all.

Hig. Stand off, stand off, I'll do it:
We bid you welcome three wayes; first for your person,
Which is a promising person; next for your quality,
Which is a decent, and gentle quality;
Last for the frequent meanes you have to feed us;
You can steal, 'tis to be presum'd?

Hub. Yes, Venison,

Or if I want—

Hig. 'Tis well you understand right,
And shall learn daily: you can drink too?

Hub. Soundly.

Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a weathercock?

Hub. Yes if I handle her.

Ger. Now swear him.

Hig. You are welcome brother.

(keeping

All. Welcome, welcome, welcome, but who shall have the
Of this fellow?

Hub. Thank ye friends,
And I beseech ye, if you dare but trust me,
For if I have kept wild dogs, and beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too: give into my custody
This roaring rascal, I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and I fear me,
Discover yet a further villany in him;
O he smells rank o'th rascal.

Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he scape—

Hub. Let

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him ;
Room Sir, I'le tye ye to my leash.
Hem. Away Rascal.
Hub. Be not so stubborn : I shall swinge ye soundly,
And ye play tricks with me.
Ger. Now swear him.
Hig. I crown thy nab with a gag of benboufe,
And stall thee by the salmon into the clowes,
To maund on the pad, and strike all the cheates,
To mill from the Ruffmans, commision and flates,
Twang dell's i'th stiromel, and let the Quire Cuffin,
And Herman Beck strine, and trine to the Ruffin.
Ger. Now interpret this to him.
Hig. I poure on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the Rogues oath, a Rogue thee install,
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets,
To steal from the hedge, both the shirt and the sheets :
And lye with thy wench in the straw till she twang,
Let the Constable, Justice, and Divel go hang.
Ger. So now come in,
But ever have an eye Sir, to your prisoner.
Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.
Ger. Go, get some victuals, and some drink, some good
For this day wee'l keep holy to good fortune; (drink,
Come and be frolick with us.
Hig. Ye are a stranger. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florez, and Bereha.

Ber. Indeed ye'ar welcome : I have heard your scape,
And therefore give her leave that only loves you,
(Truly, and dearly loves you) give her joy leave
To bid you welcome : what is't makes you sad man ?
Why do you look so wild ? is't I offend ye ?
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.
Flo. No *Fertred*.
Ber. Is't the delay of that ye long have look'd for,
A happy marriage ? now I come to urge it :
Now when you please to finish it.
Flo. No newes yet ?
Ber. Do you hear sir ?
Flo. Yes.
Ber. Do you love me ?
Flo. Have I liv'd,
In all the happinesse fortune could seat me,
In all mens fair opinions ?
Ber. I have provided
A Priest, that's ready for us.
Flo. And can the Divel,
In one ten dayes, that Divel chance devour me ?
Ber. Wee'l fly to what place you please.
Flo. No star prosperous ?
All at a swoop ?
Ber. You do not love me *Goswin* ?
You will not look upon me ?
Flo. Can mens prayers
Shot up to heaven, with such a zeale as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper ?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my comfort,
Darknesse, and want of meat : alas ! she weeps too ;
Which is the top of all my sorrows : *Fertred* ?
Ber. No, no, you will not know me ; my poor beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes.
Flo. The time growes on still :

And like a tumbling wave, I see my ruine
Come rolling over me.
Ber. Yet will ye know me ?
Flo. For a hundred thousand crownes.
Ber. Yet will ye love me ?
Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting ?
Flo. For a hundred thousand crownes ?
Ber. Farewel dissembler.
Flo. Of which I have scarce ten : oh, how it starts me !
Ber. And may the next you love, hearing my ruine.
Flo. I had forgot my self, O my best *Fertred* !
Crown of my joyes and comforts !
Ber. Sweet, what ayle ye ?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.
Flo. My mind wench,
My mind o'reflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory.
Ber. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it ?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows,
As your delights ? you love no other woman ?
Flo. No I protest.
Ber. You have no ships lost lately ?
Flo. None that I know of.
Ber. I hope you have spilt no blood ? whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience.
Flo. Clear, by heaven.
Ber. Why should you be thus then ?
Flo. Good *Fertred*, ask not,
Ev'n by the love you bear me.
Ber. I am obedient.
Flo. Go in my fair, I will not be long from ye ;
Nor long, I fear me, with thee : At my return
Despise me as you please.
Ber. The good gods guide ye. *Exit.*
Flo. Now for my self, which is the least I hope for,
And when that failes, for mans worst fortune, pitty. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Florez, and 4. Merchants.

Flo. **W**Hy Gentlemen, 'tis but a week more, I intreat
(you,
But 7. short dayes, I am not running from ye,
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail ; you have ships abroad,
Endure the beating both of wind, or weather :
I am sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested,
Ye are all fair Merchants.
1 Mer. Yes, and must have fair play ;
There is no lying here else ; one houres failing
Failes us of all our friends, of all our credits :
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.
Flo. No mercy in ye ?
2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others mercy :
Keep your self right, and even cut your cloth Sir,
According to your calling : you have liv'd here
In Lord-like prodigality, high and open ;
And now ye find what 'tis : the liberal spending
The Summer of your youth, which you should glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter stormy winter on ye,
And now you cry.
3 Mer. Alas, before your poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endevour ;

You stood alone, took up all trade, all businesse
Running through your hands, scarce a sayle at sea,
But laden with your goods: we poor pedlars,
When by your leave, and much intreaty to it,
We could have stooge for a little cloth,
Or a few wines, put off, and thank your worship:
Lord, how the world's chang'd with ye? now I hope Sir,
We shall have sea-room.

Flo. Is my misery
Become my scorn too? have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? are all the bounties in me
To you, and to the Town, turn'd my reproaches?

Mer. Well, get your moneys ready: 'tis but 2. houres,
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.

Flo. But two dayes.

Mer. Not an hour, ye know the hazard.

Flo. How soon my light's put out: hard-hearted Bruges,
Within thy walls, may never honest Merchant
Venture his fortunes more: O my poor wench too!

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good fortune Master.

Flo. Thou mistak'st me *Clause*,
I am not worth thy blessing.

Ger. Still a sad man?

Enter Higgen and Prig, like Porters.

No belief gentle Master? come bring it in then,
And now believe your beards-man.

Flo. Is this certain?

Or do'st thou work upon my troubled fence?

Ger. 'Tis gold Sir,

Take it, and try it.

Flo. Certainly 'tis treasure,
Can there be yet this blessing?

Ger. Cease your wonder,

You shall not sink for nev'r a fow's'd Flap-dragon;
For nev'r a pickled pilcher of 'em all Sir.

'Tis there your full sum, a hundred thousand crownes,
And good street-master, now be merry; pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no goodnesse:
And cheer your heart up hand'somely.

Flo. Good *Clause*,
How can'st thou by this mighty sum? if naughtily,
I must not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.

Ger. Fear not: you have it by as honest meanes
As though your father gave it: Sir, you know not
To what a masse the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven yeares: we beg it for heavens charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.

Flo. What great security?

Ger. Away with that sir,
Were not ye more then all the men in Bruges;
And all the money, in my thoughts-----

Flo. But good *Clause*,
I may dye presently.

Ger. Then this dyes with ye---

Pay when you can, good master, I'll no parchments;
Onely this charity I shall intreat ye,
Leave me this Ring.

Flo. Alas, it is too poor, *Clause*.

Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this withall, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.

Flo. There, I confesse it,
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it.

Ger. Away, your time drawes on. Take up the money,
And follow this young Gentleman.

Flo. Farewell *Clause*,
And may thy honest memory live ever.

Ger. Heaven bleesse ye, and still keep ye; farewell master.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lock'd my youth up close enough for gad-
In an old tree, and set watch over him. *(ding,*

Enter Jaculine.

Now for my Love, for sure this wench must be she,
She followes me; come hither, pretty Minche.

Jac. No, no, you'll kisse.

Hub. So I will.

Jac. Y'ded law?

How will you kisse me pray you?

Hub. Thus: soft as my loves lips.

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What's your Father's name?

Jac. He's gone to Heaven.

Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?

Jac. I'll stay no longer,

My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea, with catching cockles: O love!
O how my heart melts in me! how thou fir'st me!

Hub. 'Tis certain she: pray let me see your hand, sweet.

Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.

Hub. Sure I should know that Gymmal.

Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too.

O Hubert, Hubert!

Hub. Ha? me-thought she nam'd me -----

Do you know me Chick?

Jac. No indeed, I never saw ye,
But me-thinks you kisse finely.

Hub. Kisse again then;

By heaven 'tis she.

Jac. O what a joy he brings me.

Hub. You are not *Minche*?

Jac. Yes, pretty Gentleman,

And I must be married to morrow to a Capper.

Hub. Must ye my sweet, and does the capper love ye?

Jac. Yes, yes, he'll give me pye, & look in mine eyes thus:
'Tis he: 'tis my dear love; O blest fortune.

Hub. How fain she would conceal her self? yet shew it;
Will ye love me, and leave that man? I'll serve.

Jac. O I shall lose my self.

Hub. I'll wait upon ye,

And make ye dainty Nose-gayes.

Jac. And where will ye stick 'em?

Hub. Here in bosome, and make a crown of Lillies
For your fair head.

Jac. And will ye love me, deed-law?

Hub. With all my heart.

Jac. Call me to morrow then,
And we'll have brave chear, and go to Church together:
Give you good ev'n fir.

Hub. But one word fair *Minche*.

Jac. I must be gone a milking.

Hub. Ye shall presently;

Did you never hear of a young maid called *Jaculine*?

Jac. I am discover'd: hark in your ear, I'll tell ye;
You must not know me: kisse, and be constant ever.

Hub. Heaven curse me else; 'tis she, and now I am certain
They are all here: now for my other project. --- *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Florez, 4. Merchants, Higgen and Prig.

1 Mer. Nay, if it would do you courtesie.

Flo. None at all, fir;

Take it, 'tis yours: there's your ten thousand for ye,
Give in my Bills: your sixteen.

3 Mer. Pray be pleas'd fir,
To make a further use.

Flo. No.

3 Mer. What I have fir,
You may command; pray let me be your servant.

Flo. Put your hats on: I care not for your courtesies,
They are most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 Mer. I have a fraught of pepper.

Flo. Rot your pepper,

Shall I trust you again? ther's your seven thousand.

4 Mer. Or if you want fine sugar, 'tis but sending.

Flo. No, I can send to *Barbary*; those people
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms:
These carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in:
To *Peter Zuten* these: bring back my jewels;
Why are these pieces?

Enter Saylor.

Saylor. Health to the noble merchant,
The *Susan* is return'd.

Flo. Well?

Say. Well, and rich fir,
And now put in.

Flo. Heaven, thou hast heard my prayers.

Say. The brave *Rebecca* too, bound from the *Straights*,
With the next tide is ready to put after.

Flo. What newes o'th' fly-boat?

Say. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, scap'd fairly.

Flo. How, prethee Saylor?

Say. Thus, fir: She had fight
Seven houres together, with fix *Turkish* Gallies,
And she fought bravely: but at length was boarded,
And over-lai'd with strength: when presently
Comes boring up the wind, Captain *Van-noke*,
That valiant Gentleman, you redeem'd from prison;
He knew the Boat, set in, and fought it bravely:
Beat all the Gallies off, sunk three, redeem'd her;
And as a service to ye, sent her home fir.

Flo. An honest noble Captain, and a thankful;
Ther's for thy news: go drink the Merchants health, Saylor.

Say. I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doyt fir.

Exit Saylor.

1 Mer. What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow?

Flo. This year I hope, my friends, I shall scape prison,
For all your cares to catch me.

2 Mer. You may please, fir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, monyes, are at your service.

Flo. I thank you;
When I have need of you, I shall forget you:
You are pai'd I hope.

All. We joy in your good fortunes.

Enter Van-doncke.

Van. Come fir, come take your ease, you must go home
With me; yonder is one weeps and howles.

Flo. Alas, how does she?

Van. She will be better soon I hope.

Flo. Why soon, fir?

Van. Why when you have her in your armes, this
My boy, she is thy wife. (night)

Flo. With all my heart I take her.

Van. We have prepar'd, all thy friends will be there,
And all my Roomes shall smoak to see the revel;
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service
Wait on the knave her Uncle, I have heard all,
All his baits for my Boy, but thou shalt have her:
Hast thou dispatch'd thy bufinesse?

Flo. Most.

Van. By the masse Boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it;
Thou art the best Boy that ever *Bruges* nourish'd;
Thou hast been sad, I'll cheer thee up with Sack,
And when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to thy Mistress.
She'll hug thee, firrha.

Flo. I long to see it;

I had forgot you: there's for you my friends:
You had but heavy burthens; commend my love
To my best love, all the love I have
To honest *Clause*, shortly I will thank him better. Exit

Hig. By the masse, a royal Merchant,
Gold by the handfull, here will be sport soon, Prig.

Prig. It partly seems so, and here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I boy,
Away apace, we are look'd for.

Prig. Oh these bak'd meats,
Methinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy mouth waters. Exit

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hubert and Hemskirke.

Hub. I Must not.

Hem. I Why 'tis in thy power to do it, and in mine
To reward thee to thy wishes.

Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.

Hem. Gentle Huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard, though in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast us'd me stubbornly,
I can forgive thee freely.

Hub. You the Earles servant?

Hem. I swear I am near as his own thoughts to him;
Able to do thee —

Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.

Hem. If thou dar'st but try.

Hub. I thank you heartily, you will be
The first man that will hang me, a sweet recompence,
I could do, but I do not say I will,
To any honest fellow that would think on't,
And be a benefactor.

Hem. If it be not recompenced, and to thy own desires,
If within these ten dayes I do not make thee —

Hub. What, a false knave!

Hem. Prethee, prethee, conceive me rightly, any thing
Of profit, or of place that may advance thee.

Hub. Why, what a Goose cap wouldst thou make me?
Do not I know that men in misery will promise
Any thing, more than their lives can reach at?

Hem. Believe me huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable
That comes from me, passe
Without it's full performance.

Hub. Say you so, fir?

Beggars Bush.

Have ye e're a good place for my quality?

Hem. A thousand Chases, Forests, Parks: I'll make thee Chief ranger over all the games.

Hem. VVhen?

Hem. Presently.

Hub. This may provoke me: and yet to prove a knave

Hem. 'Tis to prove honest: 'tis to do good service, service for him thou art sworn to, for thy Prince, then for thy self that good; what fool would live here, poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers, law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely and to himself, he may be law and credit?

Hub. Shall I believe thee?

Hem. As that thou hold'st most holy.

Hub. Ye may play tricks.

Hem. Then let me never live more.

Hub. Then you shall see sir, I will do a service that shall deserve indeed.

Hem. 'Tis well said, Huntf-man,

and thou shalt be well thought of. (meer nothing,

Hub. I will do it: 'tis not your letting free, for that's

such a service, if the Earl be noble,

we shall for ever love me.

Hem. VVhat is't huntf-man?

Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?

Hem. No.

Hub. You are a fool then: here be those to have 'em, I know the Earl so well, would make him caper.

Hem. Any of the old Lords that rebell'd?

Hub. Peace, all,

know 'em every one, and can betray 'em.

Hem. But wilt thou do this service?

Hub. If you'll keep

our faith, and free word to me.

Hem. Wilt thou swear me?

Hub. No, no, I will believe ye: more than that too: with the right heir.

Hem. O honest, honest huntf-man!

Hub. Now how to get these gallants, there's the matter; we will be constant, 'tis no work for me else.

Hem. Will the Sun shine again?

Hub. The way to get 'em!

Hem. Propound it, and it shall be done.

Hub. No doubt,

(For they are Divellish crafty, it concerns 'em,)

Not reconciliation, (for they dare not trust neither)

must do this trick.

Hem. By force?

Hub. I, that must do it.

And with the person of the Earl himself,

Authority (and mighty) must come on 'em:

or else in vain: and thus I would have ye do it.

To-morrow night be here: a hundred men will bear 'em,

(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant)

And with his terrour will strike dead their forces.

The hour betwixt a clock; now for a guide

To draw ye without danger on these persons,

The woods being thick, and hard to hit, my self,

With some few with me, made unto our purpose,

Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye

By the great Oak.

Hem. I know it: keep thy faith huntf-man,

And such a shewre of wealth—

Hub. I warrant ye:

Wilt nothing that I tell ye.

Hem. No.

Hub. Farewell;

You have your liberty, now use it wisely.

And keep your hour; go closer about the wood there,

For fear they spy you.

Hem. Well.

Hub. And bring no noise with ye.

(Exit.

Hem. All shall be done to'th purpose: farewell huntf-man.

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prig, Ginks, Snap, Ferret.

Ger. Now what's the newes in town?

Ginks. No news, but joy sir;

Every man wooing of the noble Merchant,

Who has his hearty commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes, this is newes, this night he's to be married.

Ginks. By'th masse that's true, he marries *Van-doncks*

The dainty black-ey'd bell.

(daughter,

Hig. I would my clapper

Hung in his baldrick, what a peal could I ring?

Ger. Married?

Gin. 'Tis very true sir, O the pyes,

The piping-hot mince-pyes.

Prig. O the plum-pottage.

(boyes.

Hig. For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb

I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance,

And—upon the *Boores*, too well they know it,

And therefore starve their poultry.

Ger. To be married

To *Van-doncks* daughter?

Hig. O this pretious Merchant!

What sport he will have? but hark ye brother *Prig*,

Shall we do nothing in the fore-said wedding?

There's money to be got, and meat I take it,

What think ye of a morrise?

Prig. No, by no means,

That goes no further than the street, there leaves us;

Now we must think of something that must draw us

Into the bowels of it, into'th buttery,

Into the Kitchen, into the Cellar, something

That that old drunken Burgo-master loves;

What think ye of a wassel?

Hig. I think worthily.

Prig. And very fit it should be, thou, and *Ferret*,

And *Ginks* to sing the song: I for the structure,

Which is the bowle.

Hig. Which must be up-sey *English*,

Strong, lusty *London* beer; let's think no more of it.

Ger. He must not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,

One word sir, with ye, *Gerrard*: do not start me;

I know ye, and he knowes ye, that best loves ye:

Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be *Gerrard*,

The time invites you to it.

Ger. Make no shew then,

I am glad to see you sir; and I am *Gerrard*.

How stands affaires?

Hub. Fair, if ye dare now follow,

Hemskirk I have let go, and these my causes

I'll tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him;

And then to prove me honest to my friends,

Look upon these directions: you have seen his.

Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech

In praise of Merchants, where's the Ape?

Prig. ———Take him,

A gowty Bear-ward stole him the other day.

Hig. May his Beares worry him, that Ape had paid it,

What dainty tricks? ———O that whorson Bear-ward:

In his *French* doublet, with his baster'd bullions,

In a long stock ty'd up; oh how daintily

Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,

Carry a cup of wine: ten thousand stinks

Wait on thy mangy soul, thou lowzy Bear-ward.

Ger. 'Tis

Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe, and joy in't,
And will be ready; keep you here the mean while,
And keep this in, I must a while forsake ye;
Upon mine anger, no man stir this two houres.

Hig. Nor to the wedding, Sir?

Ger. Not any whither.

Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir; we want meat too,
We be monstrous out of meat.

Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat Capons shak'd their tails at's in defiance?
And turkey toombs, such honourable monuments,
Shall piggs, sir, that the Parsons self would envy,
And dainty Ducks?

Ger. Not a word more, obey me.

Exit Ger.

Hig. Why then come dolefull death, this is flat tyranny,
And by this hand—

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go sleep upon't.

Exit Hig.

Prig. Nay, and there be a wedding, and we wanting,
Farewel our happy dayes: we do obey sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 Mer. Well met sir, you are for this lusty wedding.

2 Mer. I am so, so are you I take it.

1 Mer. Yes,

And it much glads me, that to do him service,
Who is the honour of our trade, and luster,
We meet thus happily.

2 Mer. He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.

1 Mer. She is passing fair indeed, long may their loves
Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetnesse;
All the young Merchants will be here,
No doubt on't;

For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A lowd wife and a lazy: here's Vanlock;

Enter Vanlock and Frances.

Vanl. Well-overtaken Gentlemen: save ye.

(ces,

1 Mer. The same to you Sir; save ye fair Mistris Fran-
I would this happy night might make you blush too.

Vanl. She dreames apace.

Fran. That's but a drowsie fortune.

2 Mer. Nay, take us with ye too; we come to that end,
I am sure ye are for the wedding.

Vanl. Hand and heart man:

And what their feet can do; I could have tript it
Before this whorson gout.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blesse ye masters.

(master,

Vanl. Clause? how now Clause; thou art come to see thy
(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy, 'tis honestly done of thee.

Ger. Long may he live, sir, but my businesse now is
If you would please to do it, and to him too.

Enter Florez.

Vanl. He's here himself.

Flo. Stand at the door my friends?

I pray walk in: welcome fair Mistris Frances,
See what the house affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you welcome.

Vanl. We joy your happinesse.

Exit.

Flo. I hope it will be so: Clause, nobly welcome,

My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy monyes—

Ger. Sir, that brought not me,
Do you know this Ring again?

Flo. Thou hadst it of me.

Ger. And do you well remember yet, the boon you gave
Upon the return of this?

Flo. Yes, and I grant it,
Be it what it will: ask what thou canst, I'll do it,
Within my power.

Ger. Ye are not married yet.

Flo. No.

Ger. Faith I shall ask you that that will disturb ye,
But I must put ye to your promise.

Flo. Do,
And if I faint and flinch in't—

Ger. Well said Master,

And yet it grieves me too; and yet it must be.

Flo. Prethee distrust me not.

Ger. You must not marry,
That's part of the power you gave me: which to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.

Flo. Not marry, Clause?

Ger. Not if you keep your promise,
And give me power to ask.

Flo. Prethee think better,
I will obey, by heaven.

Ger. I have thought the best, sir.

Flo. Give me thy reason; do'st thou fear her honesty?

Ger. Chaste as the Ice, for any thing I know, sir.

Flo. Why should'st thou light on that then? to what

Ger. I must not now discover.

(purpose)

Flo. Must not marry?

Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation?

Ger. Now or never.

(fright me

Flo. Come, 'tis not that thou would'st: thou dost

Ger. Upon my soul it is, sir, and I bind ye.

Flo. Clause, canst thou be so cruel?

Ger. You may break Sir,
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

Flo. Did'st ever see her?

Ger. No.

Flo. She is such a thing,
O Clause, she is such a wonder, such a mirror;
For beauty, and fair vertue, Europe has not:
Why hast thou made me happy, to undo me?
But look upon her, then if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently; who waits there?

Serv. within. Sir.

Flo. Bid my fair love come hither, and the company,
Prethee be good unto me; take a mans heart,
And look upon her truly: take a friends heart,
And feel what misery must follow this.

Ger. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise:
I forsook all I had to make you happy.

Enter Bertha, Vandonck, and the rest, Merchants.
Can that thing call'd a woman, stop your goodnesse?

Flo. Look there she is, deal with me as thou wilt now,
Did'st ever see a fairer?

Ger. She is most goodly.

Flo. Pray ye stand still.

Ber. What ayles my love?

Flo. Didst thou ever,

By the fair light of heaven, behold a sweeter?
O that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him:

Look well, look narrowly upon her beauty.

1 Mer. Sure h'as some strange design in hand he starts so.

M m 2

2 Mer. This

Beggars Bush.

Ger. This Beggar has a strong power over his pleasure.
Flo. View all her body.

Ger. 'Tis exact and excellent.

Flo. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,
And but to hear her speak, a paradise;
And such a love she beares to me, a chaste love,
Virtuous, fair, and fruitful love: 'tis now too,
I am ready to enjoy it; the Priest is ready, *Clause,*
To say the holy words shall make us happy:
And such cruelty beyond mans study;
And these are ready, all our joyes are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends;
I will be her death to do it.

Ger. Let her dye then.

Flo. Thou canst not: 'Tis impossible.

Ger. It must be.

Flo. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me: by heaven *Clause*
I give thee half I have; come thou shalt save me.

Ger. Then you must go with me: I can stay no longer,
I will be true, and noble.

Flo. Hard heart, I'll follow:

May ye all go in again, and pray be merry,
Give a weighty businesse, give me my cloak there

Enter Servant (with a Cloak.)

Concern my life and state; make no enquiry,
His present houre befall me: with the soonest
I shall be here again: nay, pray go in fir,
And take them with you, 'tis but a night lost, Gentlemen.

Ger. Come, come in, we will not lose our meat yet,
Our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her
I am sure of that.

Flo. I will not stay; believe Sir.

Ger. Gentle, a word with you.

Ger. Why is this stop, fir?

Flo. I have no more time left me, but to kisse thee,

And then thou art free: I am ever thine; farewell wench. *Exit.*

Ger. And is that all your ceremony? Is this a wedding?

And my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?

I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow, oh me!

To thy face I prove thee false. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Bertha, and a Boor.

Ber. (thou make
L. Ead, if thou think't we are right: why dost (way.
These often stands? thou said'st thou knew'st the

Boo. Fear nothing, I do know it: would 'twere home-

Ber. Wrought from me by a beggar? at the time (ward.
That most should tye him? 'Tis some other Love,

That hath a more command on his affections,

And he that fetch'd him, a disguised agent,

Not what he personated; for his fashion

Was more familiar with him, and more powerfull

Than one that ask'd almes: I must find out

One, if not both: kind darknesse be my shroud,

And cover loves too curious search in me;

For yet, suspicion I would not name thee.

Boo. Mistris, he growes somewhat pretty and dark.

Ber. What then?

Boo. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,

Although perhaps you are.

Ber. I am not; forward.

Boo. Sure but you are: give me your hand, fear nothing.

There's one leg in the wood, do not pull backward:
What a sweat one on's are in, you or I?

Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure

It has infected me, for I sweat too;

It runs out at my knees; feel, feel, I pray you.

Ber. What ailes the fellow?

Boo. Hark, hark, I beseech you,

Do you hear nothing?

Ber. No.

Boo. Lift: a wild hog,

He grunts: now 'tis a bear: this wood is full of 'em;

And now, a wolfe, Mistris, a wolfe, a wolfe,

It is the howling of a wolf.

Ber. The braying of an asse, is it not?

Boo. Oh! now one has me;

Oh, my left arm! farewell.

Ber. Look to your shankes,

Your breech is safe enough, the wolfe's a Fern-brake.

Boo. But see, see, see; there is a serpent in it,

It has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire;

Now it creeps towards us, help me to say my prayers:

It hath swallowed me almost, my breath is stopt,

I cannot speak; do I speak Mistris? tell me.

Ber. Why, thou timorous sot, canst thou perceive

Any thing i'the bush, but a poor glo-worm?

Boo. It may be 'tis but a glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a fire-drake presently.

Ber. Come thou from it:

I have a pretious guide of you, and a courteous,

That gives me leave to lead my self the way thus.

Boo. It thunders, you hear that now.

Ber. I hear one hollow.

Boo. 'Tis thunder, thunder:

See a flash of lightning:

Are you not blasted, mistris? pull your mask off.

It has plaid the barber with me here: I have lost

My beard, my beard; pray God you be not shaven,

'Twill spoil your marriage mistris.

Ber. What strange wonders

Fear fancies in a coward?

Boo. Now the earth opens.

Ber. Prethee hold thy peace.

Boo. Will you on then?

Ber. Both love and jealousy have made me bold,

Where my fate leads me, I must go. *Exit.*

Boo. God be with you then.

Enter Woolfort, Hemskirke, and attendants.

Hem. It was the fellow sure, he that should guide me,

The huntsman that did hollow us.

Woolf. Best make a stand,

And listen to his next: ha?

Hem. Who goes there?

Boo. Mistris, I am taken.

Hem. Mistris? look forth souldiers.

Woolf. What are you, firha?

Boo. Truly all is left

Of a poor Boor by day-light, by night no body;

You might have spar'd your drum, and guns, and pikes too

For I am none that will stand out, fir, I.

You may take me in with a walking-stick

Even when you please, and hold me with a pack-thred.

Hem. What woman was't you call'd to?

Boo. Woman? none fir.

Woolf. None? did you not name mistris?

Boo. Yea, but she's

No woman yet: she should have been this night,

But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,

Whom we were going to make hue and cry after;

I tell

I tell you true sir, she should ha' been married to day,
And was the Bride and all; but in came *Clause*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr. *Goswin*
Under his arme; away with him, as a Kite,
Or an old Fox, would swoop away a Gosling.

Hem. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she, Niece?

Ber. Ha?

Hem. She, sir,

This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.

Woolf. I begin *Hemskirke*, to believe my fate
Works to my ends.

Hem. Yes, sir, and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me, *Florez*
Liv'd in some Merchants shop, as *Gerrard* did
I the old Beggars; and that he would use
Him for the train to call the other forth:

All which we find is done---That's he again---*Hollow again*

Woolf. Good we sent out to meet him.

Hem. Here's the Oak.

Ber. O I am miserably lost! thus fall
Into my Uncles hands, from all my hopes;
Can I not think away my self and dye?
O I am miserably lost; thus fall
Into my Uncles hands, from all my hopes;
No matter now, whether thou be false or no,
Goswin, whether thou love another better,
Or me alone; or where thou keep thy vow,
And word, or that thou come or stay: for I
To thee from henceforth, must be ever absent,
And thou to me: no more shall we come near,
To tell our selves how bright each others eyes were;
How soft our language, and how sweet our kisses:
Whilst we made one our food, th'other our feast,
Not mix our soules by fight, or by a letter
Hereafter, but as small relation have,
As two new gone to inhabiting a grave:
Can I not think away my self and dye?

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Snap, Ginks, like Boores.

Hub. I like your habits well: they are safe, stand close.

Hig. But what's the action we are for now? ha?

Robbing a Ripper of his fish?

Prig. Or taking

A poulterer prisoner, without ranfome, Bullyes?

Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

Fer. Or surprising a Boores ken, for granting cheates?

Prig. Or cackling cheats?

Hig. Or Margery-praters, Rogers,
And Tibs o'th Buttry?

Prig. O I could drive a Regiment
Of Geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues, with my hat, and staffe, and not a hisse
Heard, or a wing of my troops disordered.

Hig. Tell us,

If it be milling of a lag of duds,
The fetching of a back of clothes, or so;
We are horribly out of linnen.

Hub. No such matter.

Hig. Let me alone for any Farmers dog,
If you have a mind to the cheese-loft, 'tis but thus:
And he is a silenc'd mastiff, during pleasure.

Hub. Would it would please you to be silent.

Hig. Mum.

Woolf. Who's there?

Hub. A friend, the Hunts-man.

Hem. O 'tis he.

Hub. I have kept touch, Sir, which is the Earl of these?

Will ye know a man now?

Hem. This my Lord's the friend,
Hath undertook the service.

Hub. If't be worth

His Lordships thanks anon, when 'tis done
Lording, I'll look for't; a rude woodman,
I know how to pitch my toyles, drive in my game:
And I have don't. Both *Florez* and his Father
Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Bembuisen*,
Cozen, and *Jacqueline*, young *Florez* Sister,
I have 'em all.

Wool. Thou speak'st too much, too happy
To carry faith with it.

Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see and find 'em.

Wool. We will double

Whatever *Hemskirk* then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble; what horse ha' you?

Wool. A hundred.

Hub. That's well: ready to take
Upon surprise of 'em?

Hem. Yes.

Hub. Divide then

Your force into five squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, wayes through the wood,
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd;
Five several wayes; of all which passages
We must possesse our selves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting hole they'll all escape else:
I and four Boores here to me, will be guides;
The Squadron where you are, my self will lead:
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops and hollowes, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Carelesse of any noyse, and be a direction
To the other guides, how we approach 'em still.

Wool. 'Tis order'd well, and reliseth the fouldier
Make the division *Hemskirke*; you are my charge.

Fair one, I'll look to you,
Boo. Shall no body need

To look to me? I'll look unto my self.

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say, 'tis done boy.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gerrard and Florez.

Ger. By this time Sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage; for though I
Should as a subject study you my Prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you, to acknowledge me your father,
By harkening to my necessary counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir, I do;
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other finnes, sink me; and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a sons duty
In my obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the chearfulness.

Ger. I pray you rise,
And may those powers that see, and love this in you,
Reward you for it: Taught by your example,
Having receiv'd the rights due to a Father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a Subject:
Which as my Prince accept of.

Flo.

Flo. Kneel to me?

May mountains first fall beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous;
I must o'recome in this; in all things else
The victory be yours: could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours;
I am your son, your son, Sir, and am prouder
To be so, to the Father to such goodness,
Which, heaven be pleas'd, I may inherit from you)
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the Earldome,
Did I possess it now) left by my mother.

Ger. I do believe it: but—

Flo. O my lov'd Father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct,
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,
Not as a strangers: and I know not how,
That you call'd charity, I thought the payment
Of some religious debt, nature stood bound for:
And last of all, when your magnificent bounty
In my low ebbe of fortune, had brought in
A flood of blessings, though my threatening wants,
And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,
When found out, it was no common pitty
That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to remembrance,
There will be a time more opportune, than now,
To end your story, with all circumstances.
This only: when we fled from *Woolfort*,
And you into *England*, and there placed you
A brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goswin*;
Whom I supplied by me unto that purpose,
Bound by oath never to discover you,
Who, leaving, left his name, and wealth unto you,
A separated son, and yet receiv'd so;
Now, as *Florenz*, and a Prince, remember
The countreys, and the subjects general good,
Will challenge the first part in your affection:
The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,
Lies so far beneath you, that your love
Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In descent

Wreath'd glories from dead Ancestors;
For her beauty, chastity, and all vertues,
Remember'd in the best of women,
A Monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though she were his Crownes purchase; In this only
An indulgent Father: in all else
Your authority.

Enter Hubert, Hemskirke, Woolfort, Bertha,
and souldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The Father and the Son, the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouse them.

Ger. Who's this? *Woolfort*?

Wool. I cripple, your fained crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you.
Now no halting: I must here find *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchants habit, one call'd *Florenz*,
Who would be an Earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.

Flo. Is this that Traitor *Woolfort*?

Wool. Yes, but you
Are they that are betray'd: *Hemskirke*.

Ber. My *Goswin*

Turn'd Prince? O I am poorer by this greatness,
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

Flo. *Gertrude*?

Wool. Stay, sir, you were to day too near her,
You must no more aim at those easie accesses,
'Lesse you can do't in air, without a head,
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

Ger. O take my heart first,
And since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

Wool. You know not your own value that entreat
Ger. So proud a fiend as *Woolfort*.

Wool. For so lost

A thing as *Florenz*.

Flo. And that would be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee;
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When *Woolfort* is to give it: O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Prince-dome that I go from,
It is from thee; that losse includeth all. (say so,

Wool. I, if my young Prince knew his losse, he would
Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him,
This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hemskirke* Niece,
Nor *Van-donck* daughter: this is *Bertha*, *Bertha*,
The heir of *Brabant*, she that caus'd the war,
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,
For your minority, to raise my self;
I then fore-seeing 'twould beget a quarrel;
That, a necessity of my employment;
The same employment, make me master of strength;
That strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, so of *Brabant*
By marrying her: which had not been to do, sir,
She come of years; but that the expectation
First of her Fathers death, retarded it:
And since, the standing out of *Bruges*, where
Hemskirke had hid her, till she was near lost:
But, sir, we have recover'd her: your Merchantship
May break, for this was one of your best bottoms
I think.

Ger. Insolent Divel!

Enter Hubert, with Jaqueline, Ginks and Costin.

Wool. Who are these, *Hemskirke*?

Hem. More, more, sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their treachery?

Hem. Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuisen*, this Lord *Costin*,
This *Jaqueline* the sister unto *Florenz*. (royall,

Wool. All found? why here' brave game, this was sport-
And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em.
Huntf-man, your horn: first, wind me *Florenz* fall,
Next *Gerrards*, then his daughter *Jaqueline*,
Those rascals, they shall dye without their rights:
Hang 'em *Hemskirke*, on these trees; I'll take
The assay of these my self.

Hub. Not here my Lord,
Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold,
'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,
But mock us too?

Ginks. False *Hubert*? this is monstrous.

Wool. *Hubert*?

Hem. Who, this?

Ger. Yes, this is *Hubert*, *Woolfort*,
I hope he has help'd himself to a tree.

Wool. The first!

The first of any, and most glad I have you sir,
I let you go before, but for a train;
Is't you have done this service?

Hub. As your Huntf-man,

But

But now as Hubert ; save your selves, I will,
The Wolfe's a foot, let slip ; kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter with a drum, Van-donck, Merchants, Higgen, Prig,
Ferret, Snap.

Woolf. Betray'd ?

Hub. No, but well catch'd, and I the huntf-man.

Van. How do you Woolfort ? Raskal, good knave Woolfort,
I speak it now without the Rose, and Hemskirk,
Rogue Hemskirke, you that have no Niece, this Lady
Was stolen by you, and tane by you, and now
Resign'd by me to the right owner here :
Take her my Prince.

Flo. Can this be possible ?

Welcome my love, my sweet, my worthy love. (& thank

Van. I ha' giv'n you her twice : now keep her better,
Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrards name,
And got me out, with my brave boyes, to march
Like Cesar when he bred his Commentaries :
So I, to end my Chronicle, came forth
Cesar Van-donck, & veni, vidi, vici ;
Give me my bottle, and set down the drum ;
You had your tricks, fir, had you ? we ha' tricks too ;
You stole the Lady ?

Hig. And we led your squadrons,
Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.

Prig. Yes, and run their heads
Against trees.

Hig. 'Tis Captain Prig, Sir.

Prig. And Coronel Higgen.

Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with
Some with armes broken, and a neck or two
I think be loose.

Prig. The rest too that escap'd,
Are not yet out o' the briars.

Hig. And your horses, fir,
Are well set up in Bruges all by this time :
You look as you were not well, fir, and would be
Shortly let blood ; do you want a scarfe ?

Van. A halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your self, honest, and noble Hubert :
Canst thou behold these mirrors altogether,
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation ?
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason :
And not so see thy self, as to fall down,
And sinking, force a grave with thine own guilt,
As deep as Hell, to cover thee and it ?

Woolf. No, I can stand : and praise the toyles that took
And laughing in them dye, they were brave snares.

Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs th' hast done, and live.

Woolf. Who, I repent ?
And say I am sorry ? yes, 'tis the fooles language,
And not for Woolfort.

Van. Woolfort thou art a Divel,
And speakst his language, oh that I had my longing,
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.

Flo. No, let him live, until he can repent,
But banish'd from our State, that is thy doom.

Van. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this Hem-
For profit of th' example.

Flo. No let him
Enjoy his shame too : with his conscous life,
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practise from the guiltiest, to molest us.

Van. A noble Prince.

Ger. Sir, you must help to joyne

A pair of hands, as they have done their hearts here,
And to their loves with joy.

Flo. As to mine own,

My gracious Sister, worthiest Brother.

Van. I'll go afore, and have the bon-fire made,
My fire-works and flap-dragons, and good back-rack,
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day.

Hig. Slight, here be changes,
The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, Prig.

Prig. Our company's grown horrible thin by it,
What think you, Ferret ?

Fer. Marry, I do think,
That we might all be Lords now, if we could stand for't.

Hig. Not I, if they should offer it : I'll dislodge first,
Remove the Bush to another climate.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy Burgomaster,
Here be friends ask to be look'd on too :
And thank'd, who, though their trade and course of life
Be not so perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with courtesie, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King ;
A place I know not well how to resigne,
Nor unto whom : But this I will entreat
Your grace, command them, follow me to Bruges ;
Where I will take the care on me, to find
Some manly, and more profitable course
To fit them, as a part of the Republique.

Flo. Do you hear firs ? do so.

Hig. Thanks to your good grace.

Prig. To your good Lordship.

Fer. May you both live long.

Ger. Attend me at Van-donck's, the burgomasters. Ex.

Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipt twice a week,
Or turn the wheel for Crab the Rope-maker :
Or learn to go along with him, his course :
That's a fine course now, i' the Common-wealth, Prig,
What say you to it ?

Prig. It is the backward'st course,
I know i' the world.

Hig. Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude ?

Prig. Faith hardly, very hardly.

Hig. Troth, I am partly of your mind, Prince Prig ;
And therefore farewell Flaunders, Higgen will seek
Some safer shelter, in some other climat,
With this his tatter'd Colony : Let me see,
Snap, Ferret, Prig, and Higgen, all are left
O' the true blood : what ? shall we into England ?

Prig. Agreed.

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute, my lads,
Higgen hath prig'd the prancers in his dayes,
And sold good penny-worths ; we will have a course,
The spirit of bottom, is grown bottomlesse.

Prig. I'll maund no more, nor cant.

Hig. Your six-penny-worth,
In private, brother ; six pence is a summe
I'll steal you any mans dog for.

Prig. For six pence more,
You'll tell the owner where he is.

Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen must practise, so must Prig, to eat ;
And write the Letter : and gi' the word. But now
No more, as either of these.

Prig. But as true Beggars
As ere we were.

Hig. We stand here for an Epilogue ;
Ladies, your bounties first ; the rest will follow ;

Beggars Bush.

For Womens favours are a leading almes ;
If you be pleas'd, look cheerly through your eyes,
Out at your masks.

Prig. And let your beauties sparkle.

Hig. So may you nee'r want drellings, jewels, gownes
Like the fashion.

Prig. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor discourse to please you.

Hig. May you Gentlemen,
Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty.

Prig. May every Merchant here see safe his ventures.

Hig. And every honest Citizen his debts in.

Prig. The Lawyers gain good Clyents.

Hig. And the Clyents good Counsel.

Prig. All the Gamesters here good fortune.

Hig. The Drunkards too good wine.

Prig. The eaters meat

Fit for their taste and pallats.

Hig. The good wives kind husbands.

Prig. The young Maids choice of Suitors.

Hig. The Midwives merry hearts.

Prig. And all good chear.

Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush,
We are the Beggars, and your daily Beadsmen,
And have your money ; but the Almes we ask
And live by, is your Grace, give that, and then
Wee'l boldly say, our word is Come agen.



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